





so much for that first impression of the place. Now let us land, and look to the programme of the day." We have but one morning and one afternoon, and much to see, before we are out there, on board again, looking at the illuminated city, as pretty, a sight as one could wish. Let us land in a saloon, and in the Victoria, in our fashion (this is no allusion to our sprightly friends of the "cabbage garden," of course, who sit a tickle and be "run round." First, however, we should perhaps, say a word about the rickshaws. This is a slight, two-wheeled conveyance, to carry one, a sort of big perambulator, drawn by a coolie in front. All places of business, between the quay which is joined together with a pole at the end, and placing one hand on this pole and the other on one of the shafts, sets off at a smart trot, which he will keep up for a considerable distance. As he proceeds he emits from time to time a sharp grunting cry, which is to warn walkers out of the way. Occasionally he emits his sharp grunting cry when he has struck someone in the back, or when he has hit the pole, and then that someone is obliged to remain quiet, till the rickshaw has passed the given limit, and the Chinaman, having finished his work, turns round, and says, "You are not hurt, are you?" and then he goes on his way.







